THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 9, 1808.

An Account of the humane Treatment experienced by Lieutenant-Colonel Kington from the Spaniards, when he received his mortal Wound at Buenos Ayres.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

COLONEL KINGTON having advanced a considerable way into the town of Buenos Ayres, on the morning of the 5th of July, 1807, received a musket ball through his right leg, which occasioned him to fall, whilst cheering and animating his regiment to follow him, and endeavouring to take two pieces of cannon, opposed to them in the centre of the street; refusing any assistance from his men to carry him off, he desired they would march forward and do their duty, under the command of the brave and much lamented Captain Burrell, who soon received a mortal wound. In the mean time, the colonel contrived to remove from the centre into one of the cross streets, and there remained 'till the carabineers had been ordered to retreat, when the enemy advanced, and used him in a most brutal manner; they were upon the point of dispatching him with their bayonets, had not an old Spaniard rushed from his house, and, throwing his cloak over the colonel, and his person between him and his countrymen, besought them to spare his life, and not to take advantage of a fallen foe. The old man then dragged him into his house, and having bound up his wound, laid him on his own bed, and watched him during the day and night with the tenderness of a parent. On the 6th he was conveyed to the citadel, where General Liniers ordered every attention to be paid his wounded prisoners. The general told the colonel a relation of his (Madam O'Gorman)

had offered to accommodate one of the wounded officers at her own house, and requested he would be removed to her own house, where he should have every possible care taken of his wound. In this hospitable mansion the colonel lay seventeen days before his dissolution, receiving from the hands of his kind hostess and her relations all kinds of nourishment and medicine directed by the faculty. General Liniers attended him daily, and visited him always before he retired to rest. He shewed as much interest for the colonel's safety as he could have done for his own son in a similar situation. The old Spaniard was constant in his inquiries for the state of the colonel's wound; and though pressed by him to receive a sum of money for his great humanity and tenderness, he could not be prevailed upon to accept the least pecuniary reward, though by no means in affluent circumstances.

General Liniers' generous behaviour continued after the colonel's decease; he directed the body to be removed to the viceroy's palace, and there to lie in state 'till the interment, which took place on the 23d July; the funeral was conducted in the English manner, and all principal military officers and civil magistrates attended, with four regiments of infantry to fire over the grave; a tablet, with a suitable inscription, was ordered by the general to be placed over the remains of the deceased.

To hear that this gallant young hero, cut off in the prime of life, received such marked attention, and received every comfort from his enemies, in his last moments, must be highly gratifying to his afflicted widow, the marchioness of Clanricarde, his relations, and numerous friends; and should another expedition to South America prove more fortunate than the last, his brave countrymen may have an opportunity of convincing the enemy they are not to be outdone in generosity and humanity, the grand characteristics of the British nation.

(Signed)
A BROTHER OFFICER
At Buenos Ayres, and most sincere Friend of the late gallant Colonel.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 34.

TO THE EDITOR.

IT has been long my intention to give you my sentiments on the subject of *pride*; and as I have now a short respite from the bustle of the world, I sit down seriously to the task; and

and (to tell the truth) a very unpleasant one it is. The most common definitions of pride are "inordinate self-esteem," "haughtiness," "insolent exultation," "ostentation," &c. qualities which spring from ignorance, and are supported by impudence. What, though your great grandfather was a baronet, or your father a sheriff! is the inherent dignity of ancestry to make you look contemptuously on people in inferior stations? For my own part, I would as soon trace back my genealogy to a knight of the *thimble*, as to a knight of the *thistle*. The question is, what am I at present?—Only remark yon *bulk of pomposity* over the way! what a dignified gait! what a sublimity of countenance! methinks he suits Ovid's description of the first created being to a *T*. Ovid (if you recollect) speaking of the God that made all things, says,

> "Os homini sublime dedit: cœlumque tueri
> Jussit, *et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*"

But suppose we enquire of his worship (submissively be it spoken) what may be the foundation on which this temple of grandeur is built? (Down—down, Mr. Langdon, I beseech you, on your marrow bones! for, lo! the ivory gates of the house of *wisdom* are unclosing). And what says he? "Silence! ye rabble rout!! Reptiles, attend! Know ye not, that my great great grandfather was fifteenth cousin to a duke; my grandmother, the wife of a judge; and my father one of the *quorum* for the county of York? Clear the way, muckworms." Sir, your most obedient. Did I believe in the doctrine of transmigration, I should swear, that this same *grandee* would, one day or other, be as fine a turkey-cock as ever strutted on a dung-hill!

Whenever I see a being of this sort, destitute of any intrinsic worth, yet pompously promulgating the meritorious deeds of his ancestors, I cannot but compare him to one of the ministers of Cloacina, who betrays his own filthiness by decorating his *night-cart* with *lamps*. It matters not from whom the virtuous man is descended; for, were his forefathers depraved to the most diabolical extent, the public knowledge of their infamy answers all the purpose of dark shades in a beautiful landscape; they form a striking contrast; in which vice resembles the terrific gloom of a winter thunder-storm; and virtue beams forth with the ethereal splendour of a May-day morning.

I have read somewhere (perhaps in Joe Millar, or some of his facetious successors) of a Welchman, who in order to preserve the dignity of his pedigree, ornamented his chimney-piece with an enormous parchment, containing a concise table of lineal descents, in the centre of which appeared, "N. B,

Just about this time the world was created!" And here let me add an equally laughable instance of *Spanish* grandeur.

A certain knight of Spain, as high in birth as a king, as catholic as the Pope, and equal to Job in poverty, arriving one night at an inn in France, knocked a long time at the gate, 'till he had alarmed the landlord. "Who is there?" said the host, looking out of the window, "Don Juan Pedro," replied the Spaniard, "Hermandez, Rodriguez de Villanova, count of Malafra, Knight Santiago and Alcantura." "Heaven bless you!" replied the landlord, shutting the window, "I have not room for a third part of your worships! So, good night."

If any of your readers, Mr. Editor, wish to know what the ancients advanced on this subject, refer them to the eighth satire of Juvenal.

"Stemmata quid faciunt? Quid prodest, Pontice, longo
Sanguine censeri, pictosque ostendere vultus
Majorum," &c. &c,

And to the sixth satire of Horace, book 1.

"Non quia Mæcenas, &c."

But now let me ask a very serious question. Is the spirit of pride at all consistent with the principles of *Christianity*? most certainly not. A belief of the gospel invariably tends to humility; and ere we cordially embrace it, we must experience a strong conviction of our own unworthiness. Reflect for a moment on the Saviour's entrance into life! In what manner was it? Did he come in all the pomp and splendour of imperial majesty? No! the mighty King of Kings—he who is now seated on the radiant throne of omnipotence—was *cradled in a manger!!* And during the whole course of his subsequent ministry, he strenuously inculcated the love of meekness and humility; being, at the same time, a practical example of his doctrinal theory.

Whatever qualifications, therefore, a proud man may boast, I cannot think him entitled to the appellation of "*Christian.*" This may seem a severe decision, but I defy you to prove it an unjust one.

Such is the folly—such the depravity of human nature—that even in the hour of death the prevailing passion still predominates. Talking of death, reminds me of a saying of Charpentiers, by no means foreign to the subject; 'tis this: Whenever I cast my eyes on ostentatious epitaphs, I conceive a wish to write under them: "As man is composed of pride and infirmities, passenger, you here behold them fully represented. This *tomb* indicates the feebleness, and this *epitaph* the pride of human nature. How just a picture is it of the character

character of this person when alive! Under robes of silk and embroidery he concealed from the eyes of the world the weakness and diseases of his decaying body. A wounded conscience, a feeble understanding, and an eternal toil of solicitude and sorrows, were hidden under the mask of a tranquil countenance, and a steady and penetrating eye."

I shall conclude with a remark of my own; and if 'tis erroneous, I shall experience greater pleasure in seeing it liberally confuted, than in knowing that it has imposed on the credulity of those who are *incapable*, or *disinclined*, to judge for themselves. And the remark is simply, that I never met with a man of sound understanding that was proud; nor with a proud man endowed with the pure principles of unblemished Christianity.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Your's faithfully,

X.

FRIEND LANGDON!

Inform the man that calleth himself Obadiah Prim, that Eugenio sleepeth not with his fathers; neither doth his inclination move him to intermeddle with *petticoats!* The man of wisdom hath an higher aim—yea, even unto the heart. The woodman, that would fell the monarch of the forest, beginneth not with lopping the inferior branches, but aimeth at the root itself. Remove the cause (it is said), and the effect will follow. Overcome folly, and petticoats will triumph!

X.

Biographical Notice of the Marquis de Pombal, formerly Secretary of State, and Prime Minister of Portugal.

(Concluded from Page 344.)

LISBON, in its restored state, evinces in a striking manner the power and the activity of the marquis de Pombal. The other parts of the country, also, were gradually assuming a new face under his administration. He used to say, that "he could not do every thing at once; and that time only could shew the advantages to be derived from his operations." For instance, he was the protector of the useful, and even of the fine arts, so far as his judgment, none of the surest in that respect, could direct him. He had established woollen manufactures; he had attempted to form architects and sculptors in Portugal. After the expulsion of the Jesuits, which was in

a great measure his work, he went to visit the university of Coimbra, over which they had exerted a great influence; here he made many reforms; among others, he established several Italian professors, who had the reputation of being learned men. The Jesuits were not the only religious order that he persecuted; he never disguised his aversion for monks in general; and he gradually undermined the power of the inquisition. It was, perhaps, with a view to further these designs, that he allowed the dangerous works of Voltaire, and those of Rousseau, to be translated into the Portuguese language; but, on the other hand, he exerted all his power to prevent the introduction of maxims, or of ideas, which might have stood in contradiction to his despotic principles. Never, for instance, would he allow the post to arrive in Lisbon more than once a week, although the Spanish mail was received twice at Badajoz, the frontier town; for the same reason, he never permitted the establishment of a Portuguese gazette; he feared, above all things, that the people should conceive a liking for arguing on politics; he wished them to be ignorant of whatever was passing in the rest of Europe; and that no news from Portugal should transpire but through him, as its channel. Among his commercial regulations some were of real advantage to the country; thus he succeeded in drawing a considerable benefit from the smuggling trade, which has always subsisted between Spain and Portugal, because he had the good sense to lessen the duties: while the Spanish government was following principles directly opposite.

This leads us to examine the conduct of the marquis de Pombal in his relations with foreign courts; in this branch of administration, this man, in other respects so haughty, and so overbearing, assumed a new character, and conscious perhaps of the weakness of his country, had recourse to duplicity, and to deceit. Indeed, he considered the most sacred engagements as a mere matter of form; fit only to gain time, as the Spanish minister, Grimaldi, experienced to his great vexation, in 1776. A dispute had taken place between the two courts, respecting the limits of their respective colonies in South America; things had been carried to such a length, that an European war seemed to be the natural consequence. In these circumstances, the marquis de Pombal affected the most earnest and most sincere wishes for an amicable settlement: he called upon the courts of London and of Versailles for their mediation; he even insisted that the matters in dispute should be entirely referred to those two powers; and that Spain and Portugal should abide by their decision. "People talk so much about your family compact," he used to say to the French ambassador, "it is represented as a most formidable league against all other nations; you see I do not consider it as such, I trust entirely

to you, I put myself into your hands." In short, he had succeeded in making the courts of Madrid, London, and Versailles, adopt his plan for negociation; a congress had been actually appointed, to meet at Paris, when news arrived that the Portuguese troops had advanced on Rio Grande, and taken forcible possession of the territory in dispute. Pombal, availing himself of the contempt in which his nation was held by the Spaniards, had prepared much better means of defence than he was supposed to possess: he had, without being noticed, raised the army to 40,000 men; the fortresses were amply provided with every necessary, and experienced officers had been received into the Portuguese service. The marquis de Pombal was, however, well aware of the inferiority of his country compared to Spain; but he relied on the assistance of England, on the difficulty of maintaining an enemy's army in Portugal, on the nature of the country, intersected by large rivers, and by ridges of mountains, &c. However, the death of the king, and the dismissal of the minister, soon put an end to all warlike preparations.

The marquis de Pombal had for a long time apprehended that event; the king's health was precarious, and he knew the general hatred he had incurred; to guard against impending danger, he had sought all the means of embroiling the affairs of the kingdom in such a manner as to make his assistance necessary to the new sovereign, to guide her steps in a maze whose intricacies were known to him alone; and his plan was near succeeding. Hardly had king Joseph paid the last tribute, when the young queen (her present majesty) went to consult her mother, as to what line of conduct she should follow. "I suppose," said the queen dowager, "that you are going to dismiss Pombal:" the young queen, who was of a mild disposition, and felt the danger of her new situation, answered in a faultering tone, "I suppose I must, since every body wishes it." "In that case," answered the queen-mother, "cease from this moment to transact business with him." She foresaw, that in seven or eight audiences, the crafty minister would have obtained a complete ascendancy over the mind of the young queen; and would have persuaded her that the country could not be saved but by him.

The marquis de Pombal, after his disgrace, retired to his estate of Oeyras: where he sought and found the means of ending his days in peace: a circumstance not very usual for disgraced ministers, in that country. A single trait will shew the line of conduct to which he was indebted for that signal favour: His estate lay at no great distance from Coimbra, the bishop of which city had been for several years shut up in a dungeon, by order of the marquis of Pombal. On the disgrace of that minister he was reinstated in his see, amidst the acclamations

acclamations of his flock; and to enjoy his triumph more fully, he immediately set about visiting his diocese, before the enthusiasm of the people had time to cool. In the course of his apostolical journey, he stopped, perhaps, on purpose, at the village belonging to Pombal, and close to his residence. This circumstance excited universal expectation: as soon as the ex-minister knew of the arrival of the bishop he sent to enquire, at what hour he would be pleased to receive him? he was punctual to the time appointed, and began by throwing himself at his feet; nor did he rise 'till he had received his blessing. They afterwards remained in conversation for a quarter of an hour. The bishop returned the visit punctually. As soon as Pombal saw the coach entering the gate, he ran to meet it; flew to the carriage door, and threw himself again on his knees, to receive the good prelate's blessing. At the foot of the stairs the bishop met Pombal's daughter, who went through the same ceremonies, &c. The exiled minister followed the same line of conduct towards the monks, whom he detested and despised so much; and to many this may seem to imply no ordinary degree of meanness; but the clergy were all-powerful under the new reign; and the slightest want of respect to one member of this body might have provoked the resentment of the whole. Pombal had besides, in the person of the queen's husband,* a personal enemy eager to seize every opportunity of avenging his private injuries on the discarded minister; who now wished only to end his days in peace.

In his retreat Pombal continued to indulge his fondness for study; well informed people affirm, that he kept a constant correspondence with the queen, on the various objects connected with government. Several political publications were expected as the produce of his leisure hours; but those expectations have been disappointed; whether through the interference of the Portuguese government, is not known. He died on May 8, 1782.

Were we to give our opinion of the character of this famous statesman, we should not hesitate in saying that the marquis de Pombal was a man much above the ordinary level of mankind. Circumstances indeed eminently favoured the display of his great abilities, in a contracted sphere. An earthquake brought his country to a chaos-like confusion; thousands of concomitant disorders were to be remedied, or prevented; a capital was to be rebuilt; soon after, a conspiracy was formed against the life of his sovereign; great and powerful criminals were to be punished; a powerful society (the Je-

* Don Pedro, who was at the same time her uncle. He never forgave Pombal, because that minister advised king Joseph, his brother, to have him arrested, as being implicated in the conspiracy of 1756.

suits) had become dangerous to the state, and was to be suppressed; Pombal had, besides, two wars to maintain, with inadequate means; his country wanted establishments of commerce and manufactures; he had ancient prejudices to silence, and powerful enemies to humble, &c. &c. Surely an ordinary man would have been crushed under the accumulated weight of so many enterprizes. M. de Pombal boldly undertook them, and succeeded. He had vices no doubt, but men must be strangely blinded by partiality, to deny his eminent qualities. Above all, he possessed that firmness of mind, that undaunted resolution, which indeed lead sometimes to the commission of crimes, but without which, no man ever atchieved great things.

FASHIONS *for* MAY, 1808.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.

A WALKING DRESS.

A Plain muslin walking dress, with Spanish spencer, of celestial blue, or shaded lilac sarsnet, ornamented entirely round with the new Chinese trimming, and confined round the waist with a large cord, and tassels to correspond. A bonnet composed of the same materials as the spencer, with tiara front, and Chinese trimming. Shoes of pale blue, or lilac kid. Gloves of York tan.

No. 2.

A LADY AND CHILD.

A high gown of French cambric, with long sleeves, shirt front, and frill of scolloped lace. A French hanging sleeve; coat with slashed skirt, and Spanish lappells, formed of figured imperial sarsnet or Chinese silk—its colour spring green, buff, or jonquille, ornamented with a floss silk trimming of agreeably contrasted shades. A gipsy hat of straw, or figured imperial chip, worn rather forward; a little French cap appearing beneath, and the hair formed in close curls, or a waved crop behind. The hat tied simply across the crown with a narrow white ribband. A nankeen slipper, or shoe of pale green kid. Gloves of pale Limerick.

CHILD'S ATTIRE.

A frock, and short trowsers of cambric, with Turkish pompossas of jonquille kid. A wrapping coat with deep cape, formed

of fine scarlet, or purple kerseymere. A beaver hat and feather of pale brown, or dove colour.

No. 3.

EVENING COSTUMES.

A plain round robe of white gossamer satin, with a short train, round bosom, seamed back, and long sleeves. Crescent tucker of rich antique lace. A white satin coiffe a-la-Mary Queen of Scots, edged with silver worm trimming; ornamented on the top and at the point, in the centre of the forehead, wih pearl drops. This unique head-dress is confined under the chin, where it is attached to a crimp lace, which is extended to each ear. The hair is ever worn with this head-dress in full dishevelled curls; and the most elegant and appropriate ornaments are diamonds and amethysts. Shoes of white satin, with silver trimming. White kid gloves; fan of carved amber; and short round opera tippet of swansdown.

No. 4.

EVENING COSTUME.

A round robe of white or coloured Italian gauze, over a white sarsnet slip, ornamented round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves, with a fancy border of gold or silver, in tambour. The waist rather longer than usual, with round gored bosom, and rucked frock sleeve. A French cloak of figured or shaded sarsnet; the colour a silver grey, lilac, or peach-blossom, trimmed with a fine gossamer fur, or rich Chinese floss trimming. The hair drawn smooth from the front, and twisted in a knot on each side of the head, where it is confined with a comet pin; a full bunch of curls over the left eye, and a gold bandeau, or diadem, to correspond with the border of the robe. Pear ear-rings of pearl, with necklace, brooch, and bracelets to suit. Shoes of white figured silk, with gold rosets. Gloves of French kid, below the elbow.

Description of the Duke of Kent's Mansion at Knightsbridge.

THIS chef d'œuvre of architecture and furniture, which is now to be disposed of by private contract, is really the most superb residence we ever witnessed. It is the daily resort of the fashionable world, and amateurs of what is called the classic, in household embellishment. This superb mansion, together with its plantations, hot and succession houses, &c. have cost his royal highness no less a sum than eighty thousand pounds, independent of fourteen thousand pounds expended

pended in the furniture and other decorations. The richness of the whole *tout ensemble*, and the accommodations which are multiplied *ad infinitum*, for domestic comfort as well as ornament, are without a parallel in this country. The state apartments consist of several suites; they are as follow:—Entering the hall, from the court-yard, the windows appear with additional splendour, from their being composed of stained glass. To the left of the grand geometrical staircase is a noble vestibule, which leads into the dining parlour; this apartment is of the grandest proportions, being about forty feet by twenty-five; the walls are elegantly finished in fresco. The curtains are of superfine orange colour cloth, of an Etruscan hue, pannelled out with very bold and broad margins of velvet; the draperies after the Etruscan style, are suspended over antique cornices. The whole of the windows are occasionally covered with painted transparencies on silk, producing the most beautiful effect imaginable. On this floor is the private library; the walls of which are covered entirely with azure blue silk, and decorated with fanciful draperies. The book cases are without doors; in their stead, from each shelf is supended a novel and very tasteful vallen of blue silk, decorated with bullions, in festoons and drops. The chairs in this room are of white and gold. The vestibule is *en suite* with the dining parlour. Ascending the grand staircase, you enter, on the first flight, another vestibule, which leads to the principal drawing-rooms. The walls of these magnificent apartments are painted wholly in bas relief, and finished with gold mouldings in compartments. In this room are mirrors of vast magnitude and uncommon beauty; they occupy the spaces between the piers and over the chimney-pieces. Under each of the two principal piers is placed a table of the most exquisitely designed and executed scagliola marble, perhaps ever witnessed; it represents Etruscan vases and antiquities. These tablets are supported by superbly carved and gilt chimeras. The chairs are of white and gold, covered with blue damask silk. The curtains are composed of white lutestrings, with continued draperies of azure blue satin; they are very tastefully arranged, and occupy the whole length of the rooms; the principal apartment is forty feet long. The carpets are of the cut-velvet manufacture, in shades of crimson. Contiguous to the latter is a superb boudoir, or Turkish room, fitted up in strict costume. On the second story is the duke's sitting room, which is chiefly remarkable for its commanding cite, and the general simplicity of its outline. This room is fitted up with book cases, in white and gold; and Grecian couches. Adjoining to this is his royal highness's bed-chamber, in which is placed an elegant French bed, tastefully formed with draperies of yellow cotton, and embroidered white muslin. On this floor is an unique bath, made

after the French style, the bath being concealed in a couch, and covered with cushions and draperies. This bath is supplied with hot or cold water, which is always kept in a state of temperament for instant use. The residue of this suite is occupied by dressing rooms and vestibules. Passing up the third flight of stairs, you enter a lady's sitting-room, the walls of which are wholly hung with blue calico, formed into quills, and surmounted by festoons, decorated with bullion fringe. The curtains of this room are of blue calico and white muslin; the furniture is simply elegant, and consists of Grecian couches, sofa, tables, and magnificent pier and chimney glasses. Parallel to this apartment is another, fitted up to correspond, but having the addition of a French bed.

On the ground floor, beneath the dining parlour, is an oval conservatory, now filled with rare exotics. A door of communication leads to the duke's private study; the latter is not finished. The innumerable offices, attached and detached, renders this enviable residence truly valuable; affording every accommodation for a very numerous household. No expence has been spared in supplying the house with every other requisite of domestic utility. In short, we may venture to add, there is not a mansion in the vicinity of the metropolis of equal attraction, combining all the luxury of Rome, with the simplicity and elegance of ancient Greece.

HOSPITALITY *of* Sir HUGH OWEN.

THE hospitality and benevolence of the late worthy baronet, Sir Hugh Owen, have long been the theme of the principality of Wales; of which a singular instance has recently come to our knowledge.

Sir Hugh was, one morning, enjoying himself, as he was accustomed to do, by walking upon the lawn before his beautiful seat, called Orielton House, Pembrokeshire, when a traveller came up to him; and after a few minutes observation of the building, asked him to whom it belonged?

"To Sir Hugh Owen," said the baronet.

The traveller admired both the fabric and its situation; made some observations upon the romantic scenery of the country, and was about to proceed on his journey, when Sir Hugh said,

"But, my friend, you have only seen the outside of the mansion; if you wish to behold its interior, and, at the same time, to refresh yourself after your journey, go to the house, and you will find every accommodation."

The traveller took the hint; he was received by the steward with great hospitality; and while he was indulging his appetite with the variety that a well spread table afforded, the baronet

continued

continued his walk upon the lawn, where the former, after returning thanks for his hospitable reception, joined him.

"How did you like your entertainment?" said Sir Hugh.

"So well," returned the traveller, "that I feel myself much obliged to you for recommending me to it."

This opening led to a conversation as the baronet and the traveller walked on; in the course of which the latter expressed his satisfaction at the house he had just left, and the country through which he had passed.

Nothing opens the heart of a Welchman so soon as praises of his country; and perhaps there are few countries that can be praised with greater sincerity. Sir Hugh made a halt.

"As you like the mansion, and every thing about it so well," said he, "you had better dine there."

The traveller replied, that he should have no objection, but, at the same time, should not like to be deemed an intruder.

"That you shall not be," said the former; "for know, that I am Sir Hugh Owen, and shall be extremely glad of your company."

In the course of the day, the traveller (who had been a sea-officer that had seen much service in many parts of the world) by his stories, anecdotes, and descriptions, rendered himself so agreeable to the baronet, that he pressed him, as the inn was at a considerable distance, to stay all night. The next morning he persuaded him to extend his visit to three days; before these were elapsed, he begged for a week longer: then for a month; and, in short, these gentlemen became so agreeable to each other, that their accidental meeting grew into a lasting friendship. In the course of the month, the effects of the traveller were sent for, and his residence fixed at Orielton House, where he remained more than eighteen years, and under the hospitable roof of which he at length expired.

Extraordinary View of a Thunder-Storm when sitting far above it, with a Description of the Fort where it happened.

[From Harriott's Struggles through Life.]

THE singular appearance of a thunder-storm, which I witnessed at Condepillee, deserves a better description than I am capable of giving; to enable the reader to form a clear conception, it may be proper to give him some idea of the fort and situation.

The

The whole comprehends three forts, one within the other. The pettah, or village, is to the eastward, on the outside the fort, at the foot of the hills, and opening on the plains of Golgonda. The wall of the outer fort (as it is called) is some miles in extent, encompassing several hills; the wall itself is built not much unlike some of the stone fences to be seen in various parts of England, nor is it stronger. The middle fort is so high up the hills as to make the greater part of it inaccessible, by perpendicular rocks. The passage up from the lower fort is formed by regularly-cut stone steps, several feet wide, and winding in its ascent up the valley.

In hot weather, we frequently ascended to the middle fort, on account of the pleasant temperature of the air; the difference being such, that, while people below would be gasping for breath from the heat, we could with pleasant ease move about, or even play at trap ball, in this higher fort.

I had one afternoon climbed up to the Devil's Arse a Peak,* to enjoy the extensive prospect and breathe a cooler air, when the clouds began to gather along the eastern side of the mountain about midway between me and the plain, or lower fort, where we resided. It was not long before the lightning and thunder produced a tremendous, but most awfully grand effect, from the clouds below me. The lower fort, the pettah, and plains, were deluged with rains, while I sat on high, with a beautiful, serene, clear sky, over my head, calmly looking down, delighted with the playful appearance of the lightning, as it darted in beautiful ziz-zags from the clouds at my feet, while the loud peals of thunder reverberated along the different valleys between the mountains.

I have seen many grand sights, but never any thing comparable to the superlatively glorious view that was then presented. I fancied myself like Jupiter on Mount Olympus, when hurling his thunder-bolts, &c. Nay, more, my heart bounded in ecstacy and grateful adoration to the Deity, who thus afforded me a kind of foretaste of supreme pleasure and happiness, arising from inward sensation more than from the grand outward spectacle I had been witness to, and which, prior to that moment, I could form no conception of enjoying. I felt as if etherial rather than mortal; and it was not until long after the storm below had been dispersed, and the shades of evening were approaching, that I could persuade myself to leave the spot where I had experienced such exquisite mental felicity.

Possibly there are many who may smile at my declaring, that, often since, when I have been in critical situations whether I should live or die, the recollection of this glimmering view of what a refined mind is capable of enjoying, has tended more to

* A name given to the upper fort by the English.

to divest me of fear concerning death, and encouraging the hope of exchanging this life for a better, than any other circumstance, thing, or knowledge, I have otherwise obtained.

Bernardin de St. Pierre's Theory of Currents.

CAPTAIN Lebozec, of the French frigate the Clorinda, threw over a bottle, containing a letter, in lat. N. 19 22, long. 55 30, W. of Paris, on the 11th of January, 1801. This letter was picked up on the 19th of March following, on the coast of Guadaloupe, at a place called Anse Patate, in the canton of Moule. Its course, therefore, had been at least two hundred leagues from N. E. to S. E. in sixty-seven days.

Lescallier, in his Etudes de la Nature, published in 1784, has written on this kind of marine post, as he terms it. The first bottle was thrown over at the entrance of the Bay of Biscay, on the 17th of August, 1786, and picked up on the 9th of May, 1787, at sea, by a fishing boat, two leagues off the coast of Normandy. It was forwarded to the address in London. Another was thrown over on the 15th of June, 1797, in lat. 44, 22. E. off the meridian of Teneriffe. A soldier found it on the 6th of July following, on the shore of Cape Prior, near Ferrol. It had gone about 120 leagues in three weeks, and was forwarded to the above M. Lescallier. A third bottle was carried above nine hundred leagues in a strait course; it was thrown over two hundred leagues north of the Isle of France, by a French captain on his passage to India. It was picked up at the Cape of Good Hope, and contained an oiled letter directed to the governor of the Isle of France. Further particulars of it are not known.

It is interesting to observe that, of these experiments on the theory of currents, the first was dictated by paternal affection. An Englishman embarking at Cadiz for India, not having an opportunity of sending a letter to his sister, committed it to the waves, which, after tossing it about for nearly nine months, threw it on the coast of Normandy.

M. Lescallier concludes the subject with regretting that La Peyrouse did not employ these trajectile means of giving information to his country. Great power in the hands of man sometimes produces but feeble effects, whilst these, when directed by the great author of nature, often bring about grand events. A reed of a foreign species, found by Columbus, on the shores of the Canaries, led him to conjecture that a new world lay to the westward.

Monsieur Brard, a French painter, in his passage from Madeira to Cayenne, in 1798, threw fifty bottles into the sea: one

of them addressed to M. Bernardin de St. Pierre he received. There is no account given of the others.

LOMBARD-STREET, LONDON.

LOMBARD-STREET received its name from the Longobards or Lombards, the first and greatest bankers of the capital. They seem to have come from Italy early in the reign of Edward I. possibly on the expulsion of the Jews, whom they appear to have succeeded as money-chargers and usurers. Their extortions at length became so great, that Edward III. who to the execution of justice united the necessity of furnishing money for his Flemish expedition, seized on their estates. But the Lombards soon repaired their loss; regained, at least, their trade, if not their credit, and laid many of our monarchs under obligations to them for money.

Robert Langland, who wrote the Visions of Piers Plowman soon after 1350, has a keen stroke of satire on them—*Passus Quintus, sig.* G. 1.)

> "I learned amonge Lumberdes and Jewes a lesson
> To wey pence with a payes, and pare the heviest."

And popular prejudice appears not to have overlooked them in the succeeding reign. Wat Tyler's rebels, among their other devastations, according to Froissart, "brake up dyvers houses of the Lombardes and robbed theym, and toke their goodes at their pleasure; for there was none that durst say them nay."

Mr. Pennant says they did not seem to like trusting Henry the Fourth upon his bond, so had the customs mortgaged to them for security.

The Lombards, however, were not the sole merchants who occupied the street here mentioned; the Janiani, the Societas de Spines, the Friscombaldi of Florence (who were the king's bankers for foreign parts), the Mercatores de Lucca, and others, were almost equally concerned in the trade and money-contracts of the metropolis, and assembled twice every day on the site of what is now called Pope's Head-alley, to transact their business.

Nor among the successors of the Lombards, at a later period, must we forget Sir Thomas Gresham, whose shop in the street was that now occupied by Messrs. Martin, who are still in the possession of its original sign, the Grasshopper.

The three blue balls used as a sign by pawnbrokers, were originally no other than the arms of the Lombards.

REFLECTION.

HOW happy is the man who can look back on the general conduct of his life without material regret, and who can place a firm but humble reliance, that his sincere, but imperfect exertions, will be accepted through the Saviour's mediation!

AN ANECDOTE.

AT the commencement of one of the public dinners at Guildhall, Mr. Chamberlain Wilkes lisped out, "Mr. Alderman B——ll, shall I help you to a plate of turtle, or a slice of the haunch? I am within reach of both."

"Neither one nor t'other, I thank you, Sir," replied the alderman. "I think I shall dine on the beans and bacon, which are at this end of the table."

"Mr. Alderman A——n, which would you chuse?" continued the chamberlain.

"Sir, I will not trouble you for either, for I believe I shall follow the example of my brother B——ll, and dine on beans and bacon," was the reply.

On this second refusal, the old chamberlain rose from his seat, and with every mark of astonishment in his countenance, curled up the corners of his mouth, cast his eyes around the table, and in a voice as loud and articulate as he was able, called, "Silence;" which being obtained, he then addressed the prætorian magistrate, who sat in the chair: "My lord mayor, the wicked have accused us of intemperance, and branded us with the imputation of gluttony; that they may be put to open shame, and their profane tongues be from this day utterly silenced, I humbly move that your lordship command the proper officer to record in our annals—that two aldermen of the city of London prefer beans and bacon to either venison or turtle-soup."

A QUESTION, *by G. Harvey, of Plymouth.*

YE votaries of science, from what's underwritten expound,
The name of a warrior who is greatly renown'd.

$$x^2yz = 34992 = a$$
$$yz = 108 = b$$
$$znv = 1368 = c$$
$$v^2n = 1216 = d$$
$$nxy = 4104 = e$$

Where the respective values of xyznv shew the alphabetical places of the letters composing the name of the warrior.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater, to Adrianus's Rebus, inserted March 21.

SURE COPENHAGEN must remember
Our visit there in last September.

§‡§ A similar answer has been received from G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; W. D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; Hester Easter, Poole; J. Osborn, and J. Sanders, of Exeter; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.

Answer, by J. Fairweather, Plymouth, to J. Woodman's Rebus, inserted March 21.

THE parts, when right they are combin'd,
I found would make the TAMARIND.

§ Similar answers have been received from S. D and G. A. F Arden, of South Petherton; J. Trood, W. D. Champion, and J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater; a private in the Ottery artillery; and Hester Easter, of Poole.

A CHARADE, *by A. Kyne, Jun. of London.*

WHEN Phœbus to the west retires,
And yonder hill adorns with gold,
And when the out-spent day expires,
My beauteous first you may behold.

Survey Old Neptune's wide domain,
Where high the white-topp'd billows roll,
Its there my next you may obtain:
Now I surmise you know my whole.

A REBUS, *by J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater.*

AN animal of the amphibious race,
Ye youths of science for my first you'll trace;
A vowel next, in order right and true,
To make my second you must bring to view;
In realms of never-ending bliss I fain
Would have you search, and thus my third obtain;
And last, the name of a sweet girl repeat
Who oft hath made my heart with transport beat:
Now join these parts, ye poets of renown,
You then will bring to view a British town.

An ENIGMA, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

THO' I was known in days of yore,
'Tis hard to say what shape I wore;
But modern scholars have, with care,
Reduc'd me to a perfect square;
No letters in me you will find,
But many figures interlin'd,
Of which in number may be seen
Two hundred threescore and sixteen.
The peevish boy who goes to school,
Without my aid is but a fool;
Since then I am so useful found,
I beg you will my name expound.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SONNET TO THE SNOW DROP.

MILD offspring of the new-born year!
So early hasten'd forth to bring,
The tidings of approaching spring,
And man's desponding heart to cheer.

Tho' falling snow, or chilling rains,
And frost bind up the spacious plains,
Thou still dost rear thy milk-white form,
And dare the dangers of the storm.

But ah! fair messenger of spring,
Thy snowy beauties soon will close;
While other flow'rs thy promise sing,
The pink, the vi'let, and the rose.
Ah then! shall I ungrateful prove?
Forbid it gratitude and love.

South Petherton, April 9, 1808. S. D.

Description of the Time and Manner of Setting and Drawing the Mackarel Nets at Sea, and the Mode in which the Fishermen accoutre themselves for the Undertaking.

WHEN sinking Sol old ocean's verge doth lave,
They plunge the snare into the briny wave;
Tackles relax, down the tall masts they pull,
And leave the boat an helpless, naked hull;
By which the swinging barks more easy ride,
Or drift at random on the swelling tide.

The watch now let, each takes their wakeful hour,
Now flying shoals thro' glowing waters pour;
The stones in vollies fly, the net they load,
It sinks, suspended by th' elastic road.
The careful watch the resting crew alarms
Ho! shipmates, all aloft, to arms! to arms!
As when a host of warriors for the field
Put on their armour, corslet, helm, and shield;
Thus all, in haste, surpriz'd, at once prepare,
Brace on their raiment to pull in the snare.

Late from the back of some huge roaring bull,
The folding boots above each knee they pull;
The shielding sleeves above the elbows tied,
Form'd of the bristly boar's defensive hide;
The stout cloth gloves, on either hand are drawn,
Fit for the perils of a freezing zone;
The rough ram's hide, with cordage brac'd before,
And thus accoutred for the fishing war.

The winches fix'd, with bolts and forelocks bound,
They force the strong net from the coral ground.

Strait

Strait the tann'd hides, with belts of cordage grac'd,
They loose, the barvils* from each breast unbrac'd.

Mousehole, April 7, 1808. RICHARD TREWAVAS, Jun.

* A fisherman's apron.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINEE.

TO THE MOON.

HAIL, lovely regent of the sky!
Vicegerent of the sun,
Who lead'st the starry train on high
When he his course has run.

O 'tis delight, 'tis extacy to rove,
In the low dell, or thick embow'ring grove,
By thy delightful, thy enchanting beams!
The language of thy ever-varying rays,
An useful lesson to the heart conveys—
That life, alas! as ever-varying seems.

Oh to this language may I e'er attend!
And view with silent awe thy waning ray;
Just emblem of the night that soon shall end,
Kindly to usher in eternal day.

Trent. B. A.

The WOODBINE *and the* ZEPHYR.

By W. H. CHARLTON, *of Bath.*

WHENCE, zephyr, didst thou bring,
Upon thy frolic wing,
Of fragrant sweets so exquisite a store?
In yonder woodbine bower,
You rifled every flower,
And o'er my sense the balmy theft did pour.

Thus the inconstant swain,
Enslav'd in beauty's chain,
The melting tale of tender love repeats;
But tasting for awhile
The envied, wish'd-for smile,
Away he flies in search of other sweets.
Why dost thou, lovely flower,
That deck'st the woodbine bower,
To ev'ry wanton breeze thy charms expose?
Imprudent flow'r! in thee
The blooming nymph I see,
Who on each swain her willing smiles bestows.

COMPARISON *of the* SONNET *and the* EPIGRAM.

ONCE, by mishap, two poets fell a squaring,
The sonnet and the epigram comparing;
And Faustus, having long demurr'd upon it,
Yet, at the last, gave sentence for the sonnet.
Now, for such censure, this his chief defence is,
Their sugar'd taste best likes his liquorish senses.
Well, tho' I grant sugar may please the taste,
Yet let my verse have salt to make it last.